

Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 34.

Boston, January, 1902.

No. 8.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT—A BALTIMORE SCENE—MOUNT VERNON PLACE.

[From "Horseshoers' Journal," Detroit, Michigan.]

BALTIMORE.

Some of the most pleasant recollections of our life are connected with Baltimore. In November, 1878, we had the pleasure of addressing the students of Johns Hopkins University—Baltimore College—the Girls' High School—the Maryland State Normal School—the Friends' School—the

convicts in the State Penitentiary—and last, though not least, the great Maryland Sunday-school Convention of all the evangelical churches of the State, through which we had the pleasure of sending our humane publications into every county of the State, and we are glad to know that Maryland has now a live Society doing excellent work.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We wish for the whole world—not only our own nation but all others—not only human beings but all the races that depend upon our mercy—a happy new year.

A SECRETARY OF PEACE IN OUR PRESIDENT'S CABINET.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale never said in his whole life a truer word than recently, this: "We have a Secretary of War—what we want now is a Secretary of Peace."

That is precisely what is wanted today for the good of our country and the world.

"A Secretary of Peace," with a liberal congressional appropriation, whose duty it shall be, to the utmost of his ability, through our colleges and schools and in every other

possible way to promote measures for the prevention of wars, and to hasten the coming of peace on earth and good-will to every harmless living creature, both human and dumb.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE FUTURE OF OUR NATION.

Our nation is a great and powerful one and may continue to be so if we will endeavor to secure and hold the friendship of other governments and nations instead of exciting their jealousy and ill-will; but if we were to-day plunged into a war with any first-class European power, *what government is there in Europe or South America* that would feel sorry for any great misfortune that might come upon us?

We have been reading some carefully prepared statements in regard to the Pan-American Congress in Mexico, and from the South American press, which seem to fully confirm our previous opinion that the South American nations are by no means friendly to our Monroe doctrine—that they feel fully competent to manage their own affairs—do not want any of our protection—and would be glad to have us carefully attend to our own business and not intermeddle with theirs.

The fighting spirit has grown tremendously in this country within the past few years, and is being encouraged in our colleges and schools, and unless it can be in some way modified by Christian churches, Catholic and Protestant, and greatly increased humane education, it seems likely to lead us sooner or later into a war in which the sympathies of nearly every government in Europe and South America will be likely to be against us, and which, for destruction of property and life and suffering to both human beings and dumb animals, may exceed any war in recent history.

We want the most friendly relations with all nations—especially with all nations on this side the Atlantic. GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE GRAND COURAGE OF THE HIGHEST HUMANITY.

A great deal is said in our colleges and schools about the courage of the soldier, and very little about what seems to us the *infinitely higher courage* of thousands in other positions of life.

We do not think the *brute* courage of the soldier who fights simply for glory and pay, shooting down whoever he is ordered by his commanding officer or government to kill; or *fighting for his country when his country is in the wrong*, is any more deserving of praise than the *brutal* courage of the prize-fighter, or bull-fighter, or *bulldog*, or the rooster who fights other roosters when his owner orders.

But a very different kind of courage is that of the fireman who risks his life to save other lives from burning buildings—or the coastguard who risks his life to save the lives of drowning sailors—or the policeman who risks his life to stop a runaway horse in the crowded street of a city, or in other ways to protect the lives and property of his fellow-citizens—or the locomotive engineers or steamer captains who risk their lives to save the lives of their passengers—or the physicians or clergymen who stand at the

bedsides of those dying from epidemic diseases and risk their lives in the performance of their humane and sacred duties—or the nurses (men and women) who risk their lives in the yellow-fever hospitals—or the sisters of charity and mercy who risk their lives to comfort and cheer the lives of the lepers.

In a multitude of instances, *which no man can number*, there is vastly greater and nobler courage displayed than in the *brutal* courage which so many *thoughtlessly* praise, and we hope the time is coming when in all our colleges and schools, and *Sunday-schools*, the youth and children will be taught the difference between the courage of the *game cock* and the *grand courage of the highest humanity*—the courage (which every church spire in Christendom stands to commemorate) of Him who died on the cross, and dying said, “*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*”

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM THE HERO.

[BY ERNEST CROSBY, in *Boston Evening Transcript*.]

Hail to the hero!
Decked out in blue, red and gilt, as in war paint—
Rejoicing like a savage in a long feather and gold shoulder fringes—
Proud to commit with these adornments all the crimes for which he would be disgraced and punished as a felon without them—
Modestly bearing on his breast a star and ribbon which say “I am a hero,” as plainly as the beggar’s placard says “I am blind”—
Admitting that he obeys orders without thinking, and thus proclaiming his complete abdication of conscience and intellect—
Hail to the hero!
O shade of Cervantes!
Come back and draw for us another Don Quixote to
Prick this bubble of militarism as you pricked that other bubble of knight errantry.
The world yearns for your reappearing.
Come and hail the hero!

THE COAST-GUARD.

Do you wonder what I am seeing
In the heart of the fire aglow,
Like cliffs in the golden sunset,
With a summer sea below?
I see, away to the eastward,
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves,
Like the tramp of a mailed host.

And up and down in the darkness,
And over the frozen sand,
I see the men of the coast-guard
Pacing along the strand,
Beaten by storm and tempest,
And drenched by the pelting rain,
From the shores of Carolina
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shines out with a friendly light.
And many a shipwrecked sailor
Thanks God, with his gasping breath,
For the sturdy arms of the coast-guard,
That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing,
And the air grows dim with sleet,
I think of the fearless watchers
Pacing along their beat.

I think of a wreck, fast breaking
In the surf of a rocky shore,
And the life-boat leaping onward
To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailor,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the creak of the icy halyards
Straining against the gale.
“Courage!” the captain trumpets,
“They are sending help from the land!”
God bless the men of the coast-guard,
And hold their lives in His hand!

St. Nicholas.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

The commodore in command of our American fleet off Fortress Monroe, when the battle took place between the Merrimac and the Monitor (we think it was Commodore Rogers), gave us, many years ago, a thrilling account of the battle of the day previous to the arrival of the Monitor, when the Cumberland and other vessels were sunk and driven ashore, and it was made clearly manifest that the next day would decide that the rest of our ships could only escape by flight, and that Fortress Monroe, Baltimore, and Washington would lie at the mercy of this ironclad vessel. This was the condition of things when in the night a light was seen in the distance from some vessel approaching, and the little Monitor, built as an experiment, to be rejected by the government if unsuccessful, *without orders and unexpected by any one*, came slowly up the roads to save Fortress Monroe, Baltimore, Washington, and possibly the Union. It may or may not have been providential, but if not providential was one of the most remarkable coincidences to be found in history.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NIGHT EXPRESS.

There’s a light at last in the sable mist, and it hangs like a rising star
On the border line ‘twixt earth and sky, where the rails run straight and far;
And deeply sounds from hill to hill, in mighty monotone,
A distant voice, a hoarse, wild note, with savage warning blown.
‘Tis the night express, and well ‘tis named, for behold! from out the night
It comes and darkly adown the rails it looms to the startled sight—
Larger, nearer, nearer yet—till at last there’s a clang and roar,
A wave of heat and a gleam of red from a closing furnace door;
Then the crash and shriek of the rushing train—and our hearts beat fast and high
When sudden and swift through the shadowy mist the night express goes by!

St. Nicholas.

THE DANGER OF RUNNING FOR OFFICE IN THIS COUNTRY.

We remember reading years ago a funny account of how somebody thought he could run for Governor of New York on the strength of the good character of himself and his ancestors, but had hardly started when he was accused of setting fire to an orphan asylum and of barely escaping lynching out West, and of various other offences. At his first speech several small hoodlums were sent on to the platform to claim him as “Pa,” and a following night he went out the back door of his house as a mob entered the front door, and the next day announced that he had retired from the gubernatorial contest.

When General Butler ran for President of the United States against three other candidates, he claimed at the close of the campaign that though defeated he was the only man who had come out with a good character.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR “OUR DUMB ANIMALS.”

We find on our table this morning (Dec. 12th) 720 new annual subscriptions from Buffalo, N. Y., 260 from Pittsburgh, Pa., and 316 from Cleveland, Ohio.

Horses are not deaf.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

[A KIND FRIEND HAS SENT US THIS.]

THE DOVES AND SPARROWS WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The doves send you their greetings,
The little sparrows, too;
Each have ask'd me to thank you
For all the good you do,
By feeding them each morning,
Yet never asking pay;
It makes their life so happy,
And drives hunger away.

So they whisper'd in my ear
With a soft, dove-like coo,
"We send him our best wishes,
Give him our love most true."
The little sparrows heard them,
Gladly caught the refrain,
Chirping "Send our best wishes,
Our best wishes again."

Their little throats seem'd bursting
With their soft, bird-like trill,
"May God bless our 'good Angel,'"—
We sing his praises still.
Then all joined in the chorus
With their hearts full of cheer,
"Tell him how much we love him,
And wish him a Happy New Year."

MILLIONAIRES.

At the breakfast table this morning some question came up in regard to who are our millionaires, and we said to our good wife: "We think you are worth to us about half a million, and we ought to be worth to you about the same amount, and as we two are one that makes us a millionaire."

At the beginning of our new year it will be well for many of our readers to consider the value of their fathers and mothers and husbands and wives and children, and perhaps they will see that many more of them than have been accustomed to think so are millionaires.

PHILADELPHIA.

Just before going to press we are happy to receive two kind and generous donations to our American Humane Education Society from good friends in Philadelphia, and with them comes the sincere prayer that the Almighty may inspire the hearts of His people to carry humane education into all our schools, and that our life may be spared many years to help on the great work.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A Boston gentleman sends us \$100 to make another gentleman in Denver, Colorado, an active life member of the American Humane Education Society. Every \$100 received helps to increase our work, and we most earnestly wish that all who can would follow this kind and charitable example.

CITY OF MEXICO.

FROM F. R. GUERNSEY, Editor of *The Mexican Herald*.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.

My Dear Sir:—Your *Dumb Animals* arrives regularly at our office. I have quite enough to read my exchanges, but always find time to peruse your handsome and most noble journal, which credits your love for the dumb creation.

I am, with great respect and admiration,
Very sincerely yours,
F. R. GUERNSEY.

PLEASE
BLANKET YOUR HORSES
WHILE STOPPING
MASS. SOC. P.C.T.O. ANIMALS



I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"A HARD OLD WORLD."

When, in the winter of 1870, we were at work in Chicago to establish there "The Illinois Humane Society," a not uncommon remark made to us was, "This is a hard old town." It was a hard town for animals, if not for men.

So it may be truly said that with all its wars and sorrows and suffering this world is to unnumbered millions of human beings and the [so-called] lower animals, a hard old world.

But here we are without any choice of our own and we must take the world as we find it, and it seems to us the great work of humanity is to make it as happy as we can for all that suffer now and that may suffer after we have passed off the stage of action. Probably no Boston theatrical actor ever did more to bring happiness to a greater number of our city's old and young than Wm. Warren, of the Boston Museum. We told him so one day many years ago. Denman Thompson, with his "Old Homestead," has done a similar work on a large scale. On the other hand, a multitude of plays with their killings, death scenes and such like, have done more harm than good. If we could have our way, the theatre should do a vast work in making the world better and happier.

And so with books; some there are which bring contentment and happiness, and others which only make us more sad, if not worse, for their reading.

We wish some competent critic would prepare a reliable list of those best calculated to make all who read them happier, and another of those which all who wish to be made happier should avoid. There is enough sorrow in real life without adding to it sorrowful books.

Let us all resolve, as we are now entering upon a new year, that we will strive with renewed energy to make this hard old world less hard than it has been.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOUR GREAT QUESTIONS TO BE DISCUSSED.

(1) How to abolish wars and great standing armies?

(2) How to settle and stop the conflicts between capital and labor?

(3) How to nip in the bud the pestilences that now sweep over the earth?

(4) How to humanely educate the people of all nations for the prevention of cruelty both to our own and the lower races?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GRANT AND GARIBALDI.

In *The Recollections of General Grant* we find that General Grant venerated his mother, loved his family, and seemed happiest when surrounded by his devoted and loving wife, children and grandchildren; but he never could be induced to attend a horse race.

It occurs to us also that we have read many times of the remarkably extreme tenderness for dumb animals shown by that hero of Italy, Garibaldi.

What the world needs to-day is not the courage of the prize-fighter—we have too much of that already—but the courage of General Grant and Garibaldi—the courage which has led thousands—when there was need—to die, not only on battlefields, but in yellow fever hospitals, at the martyr's stake, and on the cross.

Such courage has never been promoted by brutal sports which endanger either human or harmless animal life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOOT-BALL.

MRS. EX-SENATOR CHANDLER.

We are glad to notice in our *Evening Transcript* of December 7th, a strong letter from Mrs. Wm. E. Chandler, wife of Ex-Senator Chandler, to U. S. Representative Wachter, of Maryland, thanking him for his efforts to stop foot-ball games between the students of West Point and Annapolis. She truly declares these games *brutal* and "more degrading to witness, and more dangerous to life than prize-fights." When we were in Washington, years ago, organizing the society there, no lady more earnestly helped us than Mrs. Senator Chandler.

From a New York sermon of Rev. Madison C. Peters, we take the following:

"The sights enacted in our city Thursday night by the college men, the taking possession of saloons, breaking up performances in theatres, blowing horns in people's faces, kissing unprotected women on the public streets, carrying them on their shoulders, drinking themselves drunk and shouting themselves hoarse, were a disgrace to our civilization, and the colleges and universities which tolerate such depravities should be consistent and drop the name of Christian."

* * *

"On a day set apart by the President of the United States for *thanksgiving to God for His goodness of the year*, cultured gentlemen fighting like madmen, goaded by 25,000 people, as if bereft of their reason, sitting nearly five hours in the chilling blasts and yelling themselves hoarse, *shows a tendency in our national life that not only poisons the young, but may plunge our fair republic into the grave of the dead nations of history.*"

FOOT-BALL.

We are gratified to receive on this Dec. 17th, from a prominent and widely known Boston physician, a letter containing this:

"I only wish every editor of our daily and weekly newspapers, and also of the religious papers, would copy your articles on 'Foot-ball,' published in the December number of *Our Dumb Animals*. May God bless your efforts in putting down this cruel sport, as also your humane and glorious work in behalf of dumb animals. There is no paper or journal more gratefully received and read by me every month than yours."

OUR PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET.

We know that the royal family of Spain have plenty of time to see bull-fights, but it would seem as though our President and members of his Cabinet might find more important business than going to Philadelphia to see a foot-ball fight.

We suspect that very few of our prominent lawyers, doctors or business men would think they could leave *their business* and go to Philadelphia for such purpose.

That generals and admirals should go is not remarkable. Their business is to fight whenever, wherever and whoever they are ordered, [even though tens of thousands of innocent lives of men, women, children and horses may be destroyed and millions of private property;] but we should think that our President and his Cabinet, with the welfare of this great nation resting largely upon them, might find vastly better employment than going from Washington to Philadelphia to see a foot-ball fight.

The influence of that act on the youth of America to encourage and promote fighting [if not gambling and drinking] is, in our

judgment, as bad as though they had travelled the same distance to see a prize-fight, a dog-fight or a cock-fight. GEO. T. ANGELL.

SHOOTING LIVE PIGEONS FOR SPORT.

We are glad to know that a bill is to be again introduced this winter in the New York Legislature to prevent this *barbarous sport* in that great State.

Many years ago we asked our Massachusetts Legislature to enact such a law. It was opposed by a large number of wealthy pigeon-shooters. Some fifty of them appeared at the hearings and employed three prominent lawyers to fight us. We succeeded in passing it through the House of Representatives. In the Senate they made their hardest fight [it being, I think, the longest hearing that the Senate Judiciary Committee had in the whole winter]. In the course of our final argument we thought it our duty to say "that these gentlemen had in their *barbarous sport* placed themselves on the same level with another class who, if they could get possession of our Commonwealth, would make real estate of no more value in Boston than it was in Sodom." We are glad to say that in spite of all the efforts of those wealthy gentlemen and their three distinguished lawyers, and a majority report of the Judiciary Senate Committee against us, we succeeded in having the law enacted by a large majority—and we enforced it—and from that day to this we have never heard of a live pigeon being shot from a trap for sport in Massachusetts.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TWO HEROES.

A diminutive specimen of the genus "small boy," very ragged and far from clean, was meandering along 119th street, near Eighth avenue, the other evening, whistling through his fingers from time to time to a dingy little cur that nosed about the doorways for some daintily dropping from the morning's garbage can. The boy carried a huge parcel of old clothing, and did not look as if the picking of a bone or two on his own account would go amiss. Every now and then the dog would trot back to his small master long enough to sniff his bare legs reassuringly in acknowledgment of the periodical whistling. Presently a great mastiff, wild with the thought of an hour's freedom, bounded down the steps of an apartment house into disastrous collision with small boy and bundle, knocking one flat and rolling the other into the gutter. Quick as a flash the hungry cur was at the great dog's throat. He was hardly half the size of the mastiff's head, but for ten seconds he did battle not unworthy his big enemy, putting all the love and loyalty of his homeless little heart into this attack upon the giant that had assailed his master. Instantly, however, the boy was on his feet, calling him off, and the mastiff walked soberly on. Evidently he had understood the matter perfectly, appreciated the cause of the little contretemps, and let it pass after the manner of his magnanimous kind. "Good doggie," said the boy, releasing one grimy hand from the bundle long enough to pat the head of the breathless little dog, who greeted this acknowledgment of his services with ecstatic waggings of his sandy stump.

But there was a sequel. It chanced that this particular pugnacious cur had some time since been bereft of one eye; and now, essaying to cross the avenue, the oncoming car was at his blind side, and the "L" overhead wiped out all surface sounds. Boy and bundle were half the street's width in his rear when a swerve of the motorman's hand gave the car a headlong plunge. The fender was hardly a foot from the unconscious dog when his master, quick as a flash, dropping his load, with one spring seized the dog round his lank body and bounded on the fender, clinging like a crab to the sagging steel bands. Then, as the car slowed up with a screech and a growl from

the brakes, master and dog descended and raced back for the bundle again. Neither seemed to regard the incident as anything unusual; it was all in the day's work of outwitting a fate that kept both at their wits' keenest to stand off starvation and other shapes of death. A man in the car had risen breathlessly in his seat; two or three of the evening paper fraternity had cheered, and a pedestrian or two turned inquiringly at the sound. The motorman probably thanked his stars that he had not ground the foolhardy little imp to powder—and that was all. Yet to at least one onlooker life afterward seemed a thing richer, finer and infinitely more worth while just because of this dog's loyalty and this boy's love.

New York Commercial Advertiser, Nov. 15.

VARIOUS EDITORS.

(1) A Colorado editor who kindly says that we are truly "the grand old man" of America, adds, among other things, that we are well along in the eighties. We are certainly coming nearer to the eighties than we wish, for we should be most glad to remain in this world and in our work a good many years longer.

(2) We see in various papers [with various comments] that the President of the American Humane Society says that parents who desert their children ought to be hung. Now, we are the President of the American Humane Education Society, not the American Humane Society [and in fact we know of no society of that name in America]. We have never used that expression, but we have no doubt that some parents who desert their children, and some children who desert their parents, deserve hanging.

When the celebrated Dr. Sam. Johnson, of England, asked the Widow Porter to marry him, she replied "that she could not, because one of her relatives had been hung." The doctor told her that need not stand in the way, for while he was not aware that any of his relatives had ever been hung, several of them ought to have been.

(3) Another editor writes that when someone asked Mr. Angell if any means were taken to keep up the "Bands of Mercy," he replied that there was not. Well, that is what the boys sometimes call "a whopper." Mr. Angell never said anything of the kind. On the contrary, as everyone who reads *Our Dumb Animals* knows, our American Humane Education Society sends to every Band it organizes this paper for one year, and a variety of other humane literature, and information and directions for order of exercises, etc., etc., filling an entire column of the paper every month. Each Band that our American Humane Education Society organizes costs the Society, on the average, about one dollar, and we have already on our lists over forty-eight thousand Bands, in every State and Territory of our own country, in British America, in Europe, Asia and Africa and many of the larger sea islands, and multitudes of these Bands are doing excellent work, and tens of thousands of people are deeply interested in carrying them on and extending them. At one meeting in Kansas City, Missouri, nearly twenty-five thousand "Band of Mercy" members were present, waving their banners and singing their songs. In many of our large cities like San Francisco, Washington, D. C., etc., etc., nearly every boy and girl in nearly every school is a "Band of Mercy" member.

A kind suggestion of the last-named editor that we should not try to form so many "Bands of Mercy," but confine our entire efforts to a few, reminds us of the advice given some years ago by the editor of a country paper which printed, perhaps, two thousand copies a week, to the editor of the *Boston Herald*, which printed two hundred thousand daily, to which the editor of the *Herald* replied, "If we should follow the advice of our esteemed contemporary we have no doubt that we should soon arrive at the same circulation."

A New Jersey editor who knows about our Bands of Mercy says we are building, through them, over our country, thousands of monuments which will live in the memories of the children and their children and grand-children, long after many of present fame have been forgotten.

Well—we don't know—but we enjoy the business and mean to continue it as widely and as long as we can.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

A PROPHECY.

We take the following from the *Boston Daily Evening Transcript* of March 30th, 1889:

THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The future historian will tell his readers that the most important discovery of the nineteenth century — more important than all discoveries in the art of war, all armor-clad vessels, all guns, fortifications and cannon — more important than all telegraph wires and all the applied powers of steam and electricity — more important than all prisons and penitentiaries — was the discovery of the simple fact that the roots of all wars and murders and cruelty and crime could be cut off by simply teaching and leading every child to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make some other human being or dumb creature happier. That on the continent of North America, in the city of Boston, on the 16th day of January, 1889, was organized the first incorporated society in the world — *The American Humane Education Society* — for the specific object of awakening the world to the importance of this discovery — that through the American press, by prizes and otherwise, it succeeded in attracting the attention, sympathy and aid of Christians, patriots and philanthropists of all nations — that through its "Band of Mercy" and an immense free distribution of humane literature it succeeded in reaching the children, not only in every American school, but also in every American home — that in all the schools, prizes and honors were given to those that most excelled in acts of kindness — that the children of the criminal classes were reached, because every criminal, by the commission of crime, forfeited the right of custody of his children, which were taken by State Boards of Charities and placed in surroundings suitable to make them good citizens — that a public sentiment was built up which made the rich kind to the poor, the poor kind to the rich, and all crimes and cruelties infamous, and so in process of time every form of unnecessary human and animal suffering was relieved, and wars, cruelty and crime banished, because every child was taught in all public, private and Sunday-schools, and in a hundred thousand free kindergartens, supported at public expense, to make its own life happier by seizing every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make happier the lives of others, both human and dumb, and that the highest honors of the State and nation were due to those who did the most to increase the nation's happiness.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Mute are the frozen rills
That course adown the hills.
No summer bird her heart beguiles with singing:
But in the winter night,
Beneath the pale moon's light,
Are heard the merry sleigh-bells blithely ringing.
Or from the frozen stream,
Where the gray willows gleam,
On either side the cheerless shore abounding,
Armed with its blade of steel,
The shadowy skater's heel
Spurns the stout ice with shrilly echoes sounding.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have had hung in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.



HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The Donkey [with his sonorous voice] dropped in to wish the other animals a "Happy New Year." The result is seen in the above picture.

WHICH?

By J. A. EDGERTON.

Christ or Caesar? God or Mammon? Which one shall it be?
Will you follow Mars and Moloch, or the Prince of Peace?
Do you long for greed and conquest, wrong and butchery,
Or a golden age to come when war and hate shall cease?
You may sneer; but what of that? You cannot sneer down right.
You cannot answer God by jeers, or laugh the truth away.
Over all there is a standard that is infinite,
While your prejudice and hate last only for a day.
War is murder, gloss it and disguise it as you will.
War is right if murder is, and wrong if murder's wrong.
Down the ages thunders the command, "Thou shalt not kill."
That will last, unmodified, as long as time is long.
War is manly, say you? And so once was murder thought;
Dueling more recently and bruising yet to-day;
But as we ascend the scale a nobler view is caught,
And the moods and passions of our childhood pass away.
No, that man is truly manly who within his breast
Crushes out the brute and seeks to follow right,
Strives to benefit his kind and give the world his best;
And, in spite of hostile tongues, pursues the higher light.

* * * * *
Christ or Caesar? God or Mammon? Which one shall it be?
Greed and murder, hate and conquest, or the Lord's command?
Ancient lies that bound us—or the truth that makes us free?
Underneath which flag, my brother, will you stand?
Advocate of Peace.

When we consider that more than a thousand millions of the human race are buried every year, it becomes an important question how many of them, for want of proper care and knowledge, are buried before life is extinct.

IN OUR WESTERN STATES.

From the *New York Sun's* Western correspondent we take this:

"Thousands and thousands of cattle are annually frozen and starved to death on these plains, because their owners say it is cheaper to have them die than provide food and shelter. . . . All men who have in the spring seen the weak, thin cows of the plains—cows with calves standing shivering, with the death stare in their sunken eyes, in the lee of bushes, seeking protection from the cutting blasts, waiting for death—have had their hearts wrung. . . . They wander staggering along over the trackless plains vainly endeavoring to find water—for the water-holes are frozen over. As they pass the air is filled with the sound of their mournful moaning. Some would stand around the frozen pools until they fell and died. . . . I have seen cows give birth to calves. After the exhaustion of labor they would rise and lovingly lick their offspring—then lying down were unable to rise again, and the starving calves bleated pitifully around their dying mothers."

The writer says there is sometimes more cruelty to a single herd than in the streets of one of our great cities in a whole year.

Here is a state of things which ought to arouse humane sentiment over this whole nation that will never rest until our Societies are in every State and Territory where such things are permitted. They will never cease until somebody takes hold of them. Somebody must preach the gospel of humanity in all these States and Territories, and somebody must pay the bills.

"Where are the reapers to garner in
The sheaves of good from these fields of sin?
And who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from these fields of sin?"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, January, 1902.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for
gratuitous distribution only can send us five
cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies,
or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We
cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one
year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper
will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society
sends this paper this month to the editors of
over twenty thousand newspapers and
magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling
Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable
charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where
owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent
at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us
subscriptions or remittances to examine our report
of receipts, which is published in each number of our
paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent
properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers
please write again, and on the envelope put the word
"Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read
only a small part of the letters received, and seldom
long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month four
hundred and thirty-three new branches of our
Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of
forty-eight thousand two hundred and ninety-
eight.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of
Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the two sizes
above represented. They are very handsome—white
star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell
them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or post-
age stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We
cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

HUMANE EDUCATION AND PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

At the December directors' meeting of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 18th, President Angell reported that the Society's agents had attended during the last month 2507 cases, had taken 76 horses from work, and mercifully killed 109 horses and other animals.

433 new "Bands of Mercy" had been formed during the month, making a total of 48,298.

The Humane Society's western missionary had formed in the public schools of Grand Rapids, Michigan, during the month, 258 "Bands," and the Massachusetts organizer had formed during the month 138 "Bands" in the schools of Dedham, Hanover, Attleboro and North Attleboro.

CATTLE AND SHEEP ON THE WESTERN PLAINS AND SOME OF OUR SOUTHERN STATES.

The enormous sufferings of the cattle and sheep that die every winter of starvation, and frozen on our western plains and in some of our southern states, leads us to hope that through the growth of our "Bands of Mercy," and the humane societies that will surely follow them, the time may come when no man will be permitted to own more cattle or sheep than he can properly feed, care for and protect from the weather.

DO THE CATHOLICS HELP YOU?

An article in another column shows how Father Murphy, now Monsignor Murphy, helped us at Dover, N. H., and we have on our table this morning a letter from a Catholic priest, Rev. Patrick O'Brien, pastor of the Good Shepherd Church, Toledo, Ohio, enclosing a liberal subscription for *Our Dumb Animals*, and adding, "Allow me to add my testimony to the thousands of others you have received for the good work you are doing to alleviate the sufferings of dumb animals. Praying God to bless you and your work, I am,

Yours sincerely."

Father O'Brien subscribed last year for twenty copies of our paper to circulate in his parish.

INTERESTING TO BOYS AND GIRLS WHO READ THIS PAPER.

We find that the school committee of Brockton, Mass. have voted to close the forenoon sessions of schools of all grades below the high school, on pleasant days at 11:45 a. m., to give the children an out-door recess of fifteen minutes.

When we left college we taught in a large Boston grammar school day-times, and studied law nights, and one of the first things we did [without consulting the school committee or anybody] was to tell our boys that every boy who had behaved well should be dismissed every morning and every afternoon a quarter of an hour ahead of time, giving them half an hour every day for outdoor sports. It worked splendidly, and we never had a single complaint from father, mother, or school committee.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A teacher informed a friend the other day that there was hanging in one of the rooms at the high school a map drawn by a boy seven feet long and four and a half feet wide.

OUR AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

About fifty thousand copies of this volume have gone out over our country and the world, and have brought to our American Humane Education Society many generous donations to aid our work. For this reason we take pleasure in republishing the following, from the editor of the Camden [New Jersey] *Daily Post*: "An armful of high-priced and up-to-date novels, or volumes, will not afford the average reader as much mental pabulum and moral stimulus as this simply-written autobiography of the President of the American Humane Education Society."

About the last time we saw John Boyle O'Reilly he took down this book from the shelf over his table and said: "There, Angell, I always keep that book here and occasionally, when I get a few moments leisure, I like to take it down and read it."

At request of the Superintendent of Public Schools of the City of Cambridge we recently sent him copies, to be put in every grammar school of that city.

Editors writing us by postal or letter will receive a copy, post-paid, without charge—others, as appears on our last page, can obtain a paper edition, post-paid, for ten cents, or cloth-bound, post-paid, for twenty-five cents. The book, which cost us originally over \$500, we presented [electrotypes] to the American Humane Education Society, which receives all proceeds coming from it.

THE GIFT SEASON—GIFTS.

We have just read a most amusing account from a young lady about to leave her home for a distant city, who was the recipient of numerous presents which by some wonderful coincidence consisted almost entirely of *pocket handkerchiefs*. Even after she had bidden all good-by and taken her seat on the train, another package of *pocket handkerchiefs* was put in her hand.

It reminds us of an experience many years ago, when, to a *donation party* given a good clergyman, almost everybody brought doughnuts. After the family guests had retired for the night he discovered a large hump in his bed, which on being investigated turned out to be another bag of doughnuts.

Now our readers will pardon us for suggesting that if they wish to give their friends something of real value which may do immense good they can hardly do better than present them one of the beautifully cloth-bound volumes of "Black Beauty," which we sell at 25 cents or send by mail for 30.

HORSES ARE SILENT SUFFERERS.

Horses are the most abused of animals; not only because they happen to be the most used and the most useful, but also, and perhaps even more, because nature, for some mysterious reason, has denied them the power of audibly expressing pain, such as is possessed by the cat or the dog. Under extraordinary circumstances they have indeed been known to overcome the impediment. The extremity of terror, as when they have been attacked by savage beasts, or the sudden shock of agonizing pain, as when they have been horribly wounded on the battlefield, has sometimes extorted from them a piercing, dolorous, almost human scream, which nobody who has heard it can easily forget. But most horses who die in pain expire in silence, or utter merely a moan. All observation shows that they almost invariably endure their agony in silence. The hunter who has been staked will rush on his course till he drops from loss of blood. The cart horses of our busy cities make no audible complaint under the lash of the whip, the strain of an overload, or the stupid jerkings of the reins by ignorant drivers. It cannot be that they lack the will, but they have been denied the power.—*Buffalo Horse World*.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.

Over forty-eight thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

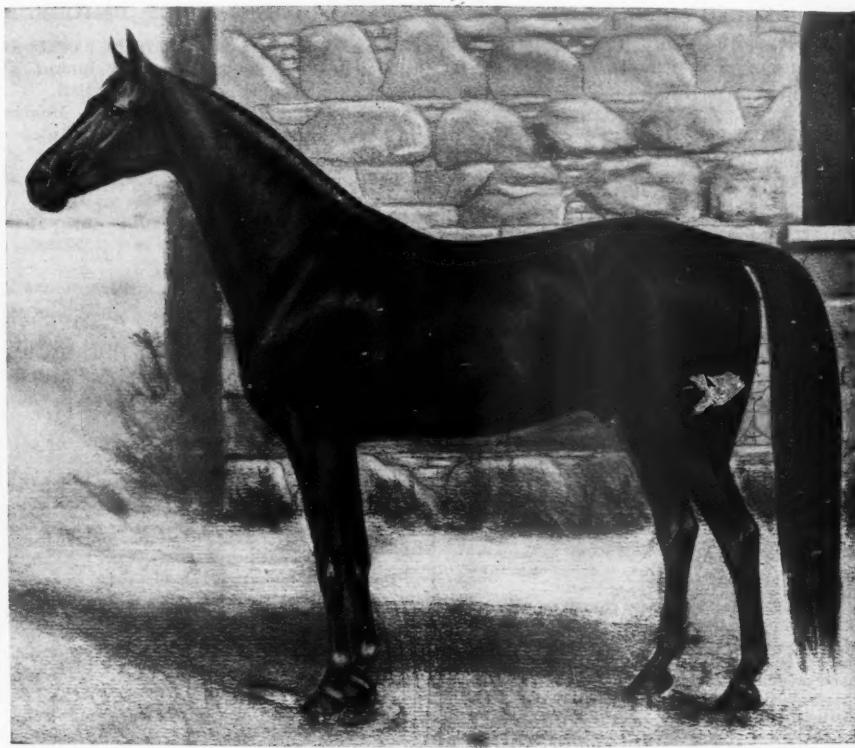
3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



THE FAMOUS HORSE MEDIA.

[Used by kind permission of "The Buffalo Horse World."]

AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN.

Czar of Russia (just out of bed)—"What has become of my undershirt?"

Valet—"Please your Majesty, the blacksmith's putting fresh rivets in it."

An American gentleman^{is} going up the Rhine on a steamer smelt a Thanksgiving odor, and told the captain he should like dinner. The captain replied that they gave no meals on the boat. The American [like the old lady who was told at a little party they were going to have tableaux] replied, "I smell them." "Yes," said the captain, "but that is for a Russian nobleman." "Very well," said the American, "please send my card down to the Russian nobleman, and say that an American Sovereign would like the pleasure of dining with him." The result was that the Russian nobleman and the American Sovereign dined together.

When, worn out with the labors of establishing our Mass. Society P. C. A. and this paper [first of its kind in the world], we crossed the ocean in 1869, we took with us a letter from Dr. Shurtleff, then Mayor of Boston, under the great seal of the city, to all mayors of European cities—also another from Hon. Wm. Claffin, then Governor of Massachusetts, under the great seal of the Commonwealth, to all foreign officials—also another from Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State at Washington, to all American Consuls. With the aid of these letters we had every opportunity we could wish during the over a year we spent abroad, of seeing about everything in Europe we wanted to see and learning all we wanted to know, with the result that we became profoundly impressed with the thought that far better than Czar—

or Emperor—or King is it to be an American Sovereign.

On page thirty-five of our "Autobiographical Sketches," at the close of a letter dated London, June 23rd, 1870, [the last we wrote from England] we said:

"HOME.

"And after all, for the comfort of those who prefer staying at home—speaking from more than a year's experience—I should say that I have seen hardly a finer building in Europe than our National Capitol; or a more beautiful work of art than Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington at Richmond; or a more charming view than from the top of Mount Holyoke; or a finer stage-ride than over the Hoosac Mountain, from North Adams to Greenfield; or a better hall than our Music Hall; or more commodious places of public amusement than ours; or a greater variety of beautiful scenery than within ten miles of Boston. If you love nature in her grandest or most beautiful forms, you need cross no ocean to see them; and as for art—which is only imitation of nature—you may go through the dead galleries of Europe in vain for the pleasure of one laughing child, or happy animal, or grand old forest-tree.

"At home, under one language, currency and law, you have a country reaching across a continent, and including almost every variety of climate and production; a country full of villages, churches, and schools, in whose homes are books and newspapers, and over which you may travel thousands of miles without meeting a beggar. I have seen it from New England, and the high table-lands of Minnesota, to the orange-groves of Florida, and I declare that I believe there is not its equal in the world. [It is a country whose people should avoid wars and bloodshed and cruelty both to human beings and animals—a country whose people should lead the world in civilization and humanity.]

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Don't forget your cat.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful *sterling* silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

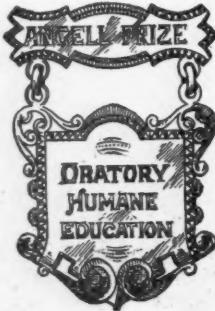
(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"*—Boston Courier.*

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."*—Boston Ideas.*

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."*—Gloucester Breeze.*

"FOR PITY'S SAKE."

On the first day of issuing this book we had over a hundred orders for it, some of them for fifty and twenty-five copies.

"PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

We acknowledge from various friends donations to aid us in the gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which everyone reads with pleasure, and having read wants everybody else to read.

To those who wish to buy it the price for our edition is 10 cents, and Mrs. Carter's cloth-bound edition we are permitted to sell at 60 cents, or post-paid 70 cents.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.*—Boston Courier.*

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by *Our American Humane Education Society* on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.

(3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4.) When grippe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?
I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

47730 *Providence, R. I.*
Golden Rule Band.
P., Annie F. Bartlett.

47731 *King Helpers Band.*
P., M. Eliza Hurley.

47732 *Little Helpers Band.*
P., Josephine Dillon.

47733 *Golden Rule Band.*
P., Fanny M. Otis.

47734 *Kind Helpers Band.*
P., Amelia E. Berg.

47735 *Sunshine Band.*
P., Luetta B. Shaw.

47736 *Kind Helpers Band.*
P., Gertrude Maynard.

47737 *Cleveland, Ohio.*
Seton Thompson Band.
P., Frank Bennington.

47738 *Anasco, Porto Rico.*
Palma Band.
P., Beulah P. Morris.

47739 *Esopus, N. Y.*
Esopus Band.
P., Mrs. L. G. Roberts.

47740 *Oysterville, Wash.*
McKinley Band.
P., Miss Alice Wade.

47741 *Waterford, Pa.*
U. I. Try Band.
P., Miss Ellis Stafford.

47742 *Swainville, Pa.*
Helping Heart Band.
P., Minnie Grossholz.

47743 *Lahoma, Okla.*
Lahoma Band.
P., Howard Potter.

47744 *Nadeau, Mich.*
Nadeau Band.
P., Edward Fish.

47745 *San Francisco, Cal.*
Golden Gate Valley Band.
P., Mr. W. C. Morser.

47746 *Scatter Sunshine Band.*
P., Mrs. W. C. Morser.

47747 *Cliffwood, N. J.*
Cliffwood Band.
P., George Ivins.

47748 *Chesterfield, Mass.*
Longfellow Band.
P., Emma Parker.

47749 *E. E. Hale Band.*
P., Isabel B. Church.

47750 *Whittier Band.*
P., Cora Stanton.

47751 *North Chesterfield Band.*
P., Lizzie Utley.

47752 *South Chesterfield Band.*
P., Amaca Cole.

47753 *Highland Band.*
P., Emma Cole.

47754 *Deerfield, Mass.*
Evangeline Band.
P., Rubie M. Stetson.

47755 *Hiawatha Band.*
P., Mary K. Cheney.

47756 *Little Boy Blue Band.*
P., L. A. Eastman.

47757 *So. Deerfield Band, Div. 1.*
P., Marietta C. Ely.

47758 *So. Deerfield Band, Div. 2.*
P., Mary J. Malaney.

47759 *So. Deerfield Band, Div. 3.*
P., Mabel E. Hood.

47760 *So. Deerfield Band, Div. 4.*
P., Lulu C. Vaille.

47761 *Wapping Band.*
P., Ida L. Johnson.

47762 *No. Wisdom School Band.*
P., Jennie Pierce.

47763 *So. Wisdom School Band.*
P., Elizabeth Meek.

47764 *Mill River School Band.*
P., Lucy Lee.

47765 *Pine Nook Band.*
P., Miss Condon.

47766 *Northfield, Mass.*
Longfellow Band.
P., Gertrude Nevin.

47767 *Hiawatha Band.*
P., Agnes Fenton.

47768 *Northfield Band, Div. 1.*
P., Fred Alderman.

47769 *Northfield Band, Div. 2.*
P., Azella Goodell.

47770 *Northfield Band, Div. 3.*
P., Esther E. Shaw.

47771 *Northfield Farms Band.*
P., Lottie E. Evans.

47772 *No. 7 Band.*
P., Carrie Russell.

47773 *South Mountain Band.*
P., Miss Dwight.

47774 *North Mountain Band.*
P., Cora Whitcomb.

47775 *Raynham, Mass.*
Baynham Band, Div. 1.
P., I. J. Barker.

47776 *Raynham Band, Div. 2.*
P., Caroline S. Leonard.

47777 *Hiawatha Band.*
P., L. F. Stowell.

47778 *Longfellow Band.*
P., Bessie W. C. Fuller.

47779 *Black Beauty Band.*
P., Alice M. Wilbur.

47780 *Raynham Band, Div. 6.*
P., Ruby Smith.

47781 *Massasoit Band.*
P., Cora T. Fletcher.

47782 *Massasoit Band, Div. 2.*
P., M. E. Temple.

47783 *Easton, Mass.*
High School Band.
P., Prin. Tirrell.

47784 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 1.*
P., Helen L. Drake.

47785 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 2.*
P., M. A. Stone.

47786 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 3.*
P., Janet Young.

47787 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 4.*
P., Anna F. Lincoln.

47788 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 5.*
P., M. J. Reynolds.

47789 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 6.*
P., F. A. Higginbottom.

47790 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 7.*
P., C. L. King.

47791 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 8.*
P., Julia A. Riordan.

47792 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 9.*
P., Mary F. Conley.

47793 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 10.*
P., Maria E. Murphy.

47794 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 11.*
P., Elizabeth M. Clarke.

47795 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 12.*
P., Letitia Bird.

47796 *District No. 7 Band, Div. 13.*
P., Caroline T. Drake.

47797 *District No. 1 Band.*
P., Louise G. Marshall.

47798 *District No. 2 Band.*
P., Julia M. Walsh.

47799 *District No. 3 Band.*
P., Elizabeth R. Leach.

47800 *Union School Band, Div. 1.*
P., Carrie A. Keith.

47801 *Union School Band, Div. 2.*
P., Anna C. Knight.

47802 *Evangeline Band.*
P., Mary O'Connell.

47803 *Hiawatha Band.*
P., Fannie E. Birnie.

47804 *District No. 2 Band.*
P., Lizzie S. Cavanaugh.

47805 *District No. 6 Band.*
P., Lucy E. Keith.

47806 *District No. 8 Band.*
P., Clara A. Drake.

47807 *District No. 10 Band.*
P., Harriet V. Stone.

47808 *West Hill Band.*
P., Lucy H. Hitchcock.

47809 *Grand Rapids, Mich.*
Jefferson Ave. School.
No. 1 Band.

47810 *No. 2 Band.*
P., Clara E. Skinner.

47811 *No. 3 Band.*
P., Miss Steele.

47812 *No. 4 Band.*
P., Miss Aldrich.

47813 *No. 5 Band.*
P., Miss Hall.

47814 *No. 6 Band.*
P., Miss Manley.

47815 *No. 7 Band.*
P., Miss Griffin.

47816 *No. 8 Band.*
P., Miss Grady.

47817 *No. 9 Band.*
P., Miss Doyle.

47818 *No. 10 Band.*
P., Miss Godwin.

47819 *No. 11 Band.*
P., Miss Frace.

47820 *No. 12 Band.*
P., Miss Clarke.

47821 *No. 13 Band.*
P., Miss Goodrich.

47822 *Buchanan School.*
No. 1 Band.

47823 *Florence L. Rose.*
No. 2 Band.

47824 *Miss Chapman.*
No. 3 Band.

47825 *Miss McNabb.*
No. 4 Band.

47826 *Miss Rosenthal.*
No. 5 Band.

47827 *Miss Chamberlain.*
No. 6 Band.

47828 *Miss Fitzgerald.*
No. 7 Band.

47829 *Miss Krause.*
No. 8 Band.

47830 *Miss Niehaus.*
No. 9 Band.

47831 *Miss Raynor.*

47832 *Hall St. School.*
No. 1 Band.

47833 *No. 2 Band.*
P., Miss Petrie.

47834 *No. 3 Band.*
P., Miss Greenbaum.

47835 *No. 4 Band.*
P., Miss Vandervelde.

47836 *No. 5 Band.*
P., Miss Vanderveen.

47837 *No. 6 Band.*
P., Miss Brady.

47838 *No. 7 Band.*
P., Miss Coeburn.

47839 *No. 8 Band.*
P., Miss Hicks.

47840 *No. 9 Band.*
P., Miss Spring.

47841 *No. 10 Band.*
P., Miss Newberg.

47842 *No. 11 Band.*
P., Miss Smith.

47843 *No. 12 Band.*
P., Miss Osburn.

47844 *No. 13 Band.*
P., Miss Pope.

47845 *No. 14 Band.*
P., John R. Hunsicker.

47846 *No. 15 Band.*
P., Miss Peck.

47847 *No. 16 Band.*
P., Miss Golds.

47848 *No. 17 Band.*
P., Miss Turner.

47849 *No. 18 Band.*
P., Miss Oakwood.

47850 *No. 19 Band.*
P., Miss Morrissey.

47851 *No. 20 Band.*
P., Miss Storrs.

47852 *No. 21 Band.*
P., Miss Bogardus.

47853 *No. 22 Band.*
P., Miss Fitzgerald.

47854 *No. 23 Band.*
P., Miss Vandervelde.

47855 *No. 24 Band.*
P., Miss Gelock.

47856 *No. 12 Band.*
P., Miss Morrison.

47857 *No. 13 Band.*
P., Miss Blake.

47858 *No. 14 Band.*
Miss Failing.

47859 *No. 15 Band.*
P., Miss Streng.

47860 *No. 16 Band.*
P., Miss Hudson.

47861 *No. 17 Band.*
P., Miss Smith.

47862 *No. 18 Band.*
P., Miss Hudson.

47863 *Union School.*
No. 1 Band.

47864 *No. 19 Band.*
P., Albert Jennings.

47865 *No. 20 Band.*
P., E. F. Demmon.

47866 *No. 3 Band.*
P., M. L. Jennings.

47867 *No. 4 Band.*
P., Miss Neeland.

47868 *No. 5 Band.*
P., Miss McSweeney.

47869 *No. 6 Band.*
P., Miss Dillingham.

47870 *No. 7 Band.*
P., Elton P. Billings.

47871 *No. 8 Band.*
P., Miss Vyn.

47872 *No. 9 Band.*
P., Miss Franck.

47873 *No. 10 Band.*
P., Miss Parker.

47874 *No. 11 Band.*
P., Miss Huntington.

47875 *No. 12 Band.*
P., Miss Van Buren.

47876 *No. 13 Band.*
P., Miss Kelly.

47877 *No. 14 Band.*
P., Miss Hamilton.

47878 *No. 15 Band.*
P., Miss Kennedy.

47879 *No. 16 Band.*
P., Miss Slayton.

47880 *No. 17 Band.*
P., Miss Rose.

47881 *No. 18 Band.*
P., Miss Bennett.

47882 *No. 19 Band.*
P., Miss Chase.

47883 *No. 20 Band.*
P., Miss French.

47884 *No. 21 Band.*
P., Miss Van Buren.

47885 *No. 22 Band.*
P., Miss Smith.

47886 *No. 23 Band.*
P., Miss Richards.

47887 *No. 24 Band.*
P., Miss Emory.

47888 *No. 25 Band.*
P., Miss Brown.

47889 *No. 26 Band.*
P., Miss Chase.

47890 *Turner St. School.*
No. 1 Band.

47891 *No. 2 Band.*
P., C. H. Cogshall.

47892 *No. 3 Band.*
P., Miss Kline.

47893 *No. 4 Band.*
P., Miss Kumis.

47894 *No. 5 Band.*
P., Miss Reeder.

47895 *No. 6 Band.*
P., Miss Easton.

47896 *No. 7 Band.*
P., Miss Kinsella.

47897 *No. 8 Band.*
P., Miss Coye.

47898 *No. 9 Band.*
P., Miss Van Deusen.

47899 *No. 10 Band.*
P., Miss Houston.

47900 *No. 11 Band.*
P., Miss Ransom.

47901 *Second Ave. School.*
No. 1 Band.

47902 *No. 12 Band.*
P., Clara Ward.

47903 *No. 13 Band.*
P., Miss Jones.

47904 *No. 14 Band.*
P., Miss Culver.

47905 *No. 15 Band.*
P., Miss Wilson.

47906 *No. 16 Band.*
P., Miss Thomasma.

47907 *No. 17 Band.*
P., Miss Piper.

47908 *No. 18 Band.*
P., Miss Hyser.

47909 *No. 19 Band.*
P., Miss De Graff.

47910 *No. 20 Band.*
P., Miss Stein.

47911 *No. 21 Band.*
P., Miss Dr. Vries.

47912 *No. 22 Band.*
P., Miss Ames.

47913 *Belmont, Iowa.*
Florence Nightingale Bd.
Sec. Lloyd Pond.

47914 *Warren, Ill.*
Warren Fourth Room Bd.

47915 *Gloversville, N. Y.*
True Blue Band.

47916 *Hiawatha Band.*
Hanover, Mass.

47917 *Evangeline Band.*
P., Ethel Kemper.

47918 *Daniel Webster Bd., Div. 1.*
P., Frank W. Jones.

47919 *Daniel Webster Bd., Div. 2.*
P., Miriam J. Dowden.

47920 *Landscape Band.*
P., Maude Daniels.

47921 *Rosa Bonheur Band.*
P., Rose L. Perry.

47922 *Hanover Band, Div. 7.*
P., Mrs. S. C. Whiting.

47923 *Hanover Band, Div. 8.*
P., Miss Stetson.

47924 *Longfellow Band.*
P., Grace M. Parkinson.

47925 *Hiawatha Band.*
P., Amy L. Briggs.

47926 *Hanover Band, Div. 11.*
P., Ada Hatch.

47927 *Attleboro, Mass.*
Sanford St. Band, Div. 1.

47928 *Landseer Band.*
P., Harriet E. Boynton.

47929 *Sanford St. Band, Div. 2.*
P., Cora A. Crittenden.

47930 *Sanford St. Band, Div. 3.*
P., Susie B. Morse.

47931 *Sanford St. Band, Div. 4.*
P., Hannah M. Pratt.

47932 *Sanford St. Band, Div. 5.*
P., Mrs. O. C. Chatterton.

47933 *Sanford St. Band, Div. 6.*
P., Margaret A. Gow.

47934 *Sanford St. Band, Div. 7.*
P., Louise Hollis.

47935 *Sanford St. Band, Div. 8.*
P., Mabel L. Kingsbury.

47936 *Sanford St. Band, Div. 9.*
P., Frances E. Donovan.

47937 *Sanford St. Band, Div. 10.*
P., Mary E. McManus.

47938 *Sanford St. Band, Div. 11.*
P., Gertrude Sweeney.

47939 *Sanford St. Band, Div. 12.*
P., Bertha L. Mowry.

Our Dumb Animals.

47991 No. 11 Band. P., Miss Blandford.	48045 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Vanderveen.	48100 Carpenter St. Sch. Band, Div. 2. P., Elizabeth R. Holbrook.	48154 Grand Rapids, Mich. Palmer School. No. 1 Band.	48212 No. 17 Band. P., Paul Wright.
47992 No. 12 Band. P., Miss Wilcox.	48046 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Laubach.	48101 So. Main St. School Band. P., Gertrude Pratt.	48155 No. 2 Band. P., Johanna Schravesande.	48213 No. 18 Band. P., Miss Ross.
47993 No. 13 Band. P., Miss Toren.	48047 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Doran.	48102 Pleasant St. Sch. Band, Div. 1. P., Edith M. Perry.	48156 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Cole.	48214 Widdicombe St. School. No. 1 Band.
47994 Wealthy Ave. School. No. 1 Band. P., Christine M. Keck.	48048 No. 6 Band. P., Miss Van Wicklin.	48103 Pleasant St. Sch. Band, Div. 2. P., Eva L. Thurber.	48157 No. 4 Band. P., Miss O'Keefe.	48215 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Wurzburg.
47995 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Runkel.	48049 No. 7 Band. P., Miss Ulrich.	48104 Dodgeville Band, Div. 1. P., Florence C. Baker.	48158 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Omans.	48216 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Savage.
47996 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Slocum.	48050 No. 8 Band. P., Miss Grant.	48105 Dodgeville Band, Div. 2. P., Blanche E. Carpenter.	48159 No. 6 Band. P., Miss Dunham.	48217 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Wentzler.
47997 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Bartow.	48051 No. 9 Band. P., Miss Russell.	48106 Dodgeville Band, Div. 3. P., Ada J. Smith.	48160 No. 7 Band. P., Miss Lowes.	48218 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Peiton.
47998 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Weimer.	48052 Pine St. School. No. 1 Band. P., Jennie M. Barnard.	48107 S. Attleboro Band, Div. 1. P., N. F. Atwood.	48161 No. 8 Band. P., Miss Brasen.	48219 No. 6 Band. P., Miss Potter.
47999 No. 6 Band. P., Miss Crumback.	48053 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Baldwin.	48108 S. Attleboro Band, Div. 2. P., Lura C. Stone.	48162 No. 9 Band. Miss Harrington.	48220 No. 7 Band. P., Miss Klose.
48000 No. 7 Band. P., Miss Holland.	48054 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Barnes.	48109 Robinson School Band. P., Annie C. Healy.	48163 East Leonard St. School. No. 1 Band.	48221 No. 8 Band. P., Miss Wynkoop.
48001 No. 8 Band. P., Miss Dole.	48055 No. 4 Band. Miss Fuller.	48110 Turner St. Sch. Bd., Div. 1. P., Winifred A. Wheelock.	48164 No. 2 Band. P., Louise L. Sifton.	48222 No. 9 Band. P., Miss Palmer.
48002 No. 9 Band. P., Miss Seckell.	48056 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Fox.	48111 Turner St. Sch. Bd., Div. 2. P., B. Lillian Hynes.	48165 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Keller.	48223 Tuskegee, Ala. Piccioli Band.
48003 No. 10 Band. P., Miss Blanchard.	48057 No. 6 Band. P., Miss Savage.	48112 Longfellow Band. P., H. Marion Lillibridge.	48166 No. 4 Band. P., Miss McCormick.	48224 Fowler, Ind. Our Band.
48004 Oak Dale School. No. 1 Band. P., Carrie Plank.	48058 No. 7 Band. P., Miss Burdick.	48113 Perry School Band. P., Annie L. McGrory.	48167 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Driscol.	48225 Oklahoma City, O. T. Sunbeam Band.
48005 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Boland.	48059 No. 8 Band. P., Miss Vanderburg.	48114 Oshkosh, Wis. Dare to Do Right Band.	48168 No. 6 Band. P., Miss Devine.	48226 Leota Robinson.
48006 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Matthews.	48060 No. 9 Band. P., Miss Rafty.	48115 Barnstow, Que., Can. Faith Band.	48169 No. 7 Band. P., Miss Finn.	48227 Silver Leaf Band.
48007 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Wilde.	48061 Seventh St. School. No. 1 Band. P., Julia V. Doran.	48116 Mrs. Henry Buckland. Milmine Band.	48170 No. 8 Band. P., Miss Godfrey.	48228 Harry Gassett.
48008 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Culham.	48062 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Madden.	48117 Greenfield, N. Y. Jr. Epworth League Bd.	48171 No. 9 Band. P., Miss Miller.	48229 Leada Dawson.
48009 So. Ionia School. No. 1 Band. P., Amy N. Calkins.	48063 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Carroll.	48118 Marion Montrose. Barnstow, Que., Can.	48172 No. 10 Band. P., Miss Rose.	48230 Loyal Band.
48010 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Howell.	48064 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Carpenter.	48119 Mrs. Dora M. Welton. Faith Band.	48173 No. 1 Band. P., Miss Stephenson.	48231 Clara Sweeney.
48011 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Brooke.	48065 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Aldrich.	48120 Mrs. Henry Buckland. Milmine Band.	48174 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Leavitt.	48232 Brownie Band.
48012 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Berry.	48066 No. 6 Band. P., Miss Cress.	48121 Mrs. Florence L. Sherburne. Mercy Band.	48175 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Bodwell.	48233 Mabelle Eiter.
48013 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Turner.	48067 No. 7 Band. P., Miss Orth.	48122 Lewistown, Mont. Lewistown Band.	48176 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Ferguson.	48234 Pathfinder Band.
48014 N. Division St. School. No. 1 Band. P., Lou Irwin.	48068 W. Leonard St. School. No. 1 Band. P., Mary Folston.	48123 Mrs. George J. Wiedemann. Attleboro, Mass.	48177 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Ferguson.	48235 Ebba Jones.
48015 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Streng.	48069 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Carroll.	48124 Mr. James W. Brebant. High School Band.	48178 No. 6 Band. P., Miss Hennessy.	48236 Los Angeles, Cal.
48016 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Maynard.	48070 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Briggs.	48125 Mr. James W. Brebant. J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 1.	48179 No. 7 Band. P., Miss Newton.	48237 Sand St. School Band.
48017 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Oliver.	48071 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Courtney.	48126 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 2. P., James W. Brebant.	48180 No. 8 Band. P., Miss Bowin.	48238 Eleanor Banning.
48018 No. 5 Band. P., Miss French.	48072 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Kinney.	48127 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 3. P., Elizabeth A. Riley.	48181 No. 9 Band. P., Miss Thurston.	48239 St. Louis, Mo.
48019 No. 6 Band. P., Miss Keyes.	48073 No. 6 Band. P., Miss Hurver.	48128 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 4. P., Emma E. Woodard.	48182 No. 10 Band. P., Miss Vaughn.	48240 Pilgrim Cong. Ch. Band.
48020 No. 7 Band. P., Miss Ellis.	48074 No. 7 Band. P., Miss Dillenback.	48129 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 5. P., Helen A. Howe.	48183 No. 11 Band. P., Miss Saunders.	48241 Miss Hettie Harmon.
48021 No. 8 Band. P., Miss Coye.	48075 No. 8 Band. P., Miss O'Keefe.	48130 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 6. P., Clara E. Kelley.	48184 No. 12 Band. P., Miss Curtiss.	48242 Southwick, Mass.
48022 Clinton, Mass. — Band. P., Ralph Allen.	48076 No. 9 Band. P., Miss Harris.	48131 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 7. P., Annie A. Hartford.	48185 No. 13 Band. P., Miss Lowes.	48243 Thoughtful Band.
48023 Excelsior Springs, Mo. Excelsior Springs Band. P., Mrs. Ida L. Gash.	48077 No. 10 Band. P., Miss Lincoln.	48132 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 8. P., Nellie M. Capron.	48186 No. 14 Band. P., Miss Williams.	48244 Louise Frisbie.
48024 Sturgis, S. D. Sunbeam Band. P., Walter Wilcox.	48078 Plainfield Ave. School. No. 1 Band. P., Ida M. Knettle.	48133 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 9. P., A. Hall.	48187 Congress St. School. No. 1 Band.	48245 Tildenburg, Ont., Tildenburg Band.
48025 Red Key, Ind. Helpers Band. P., Mabel Williams.	48079 No. 1 Band. P., Miss Stansbury.	48134 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 10. P., Carolyn E. Mann.	48188 No. 2 Band. P., Helen S. Sauer.	48246 Miss A. J. McDowell.
48026 Los Angeles, Cal. Sand St. School Band. P., Gilbert Huston.	48080 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Kromer.	48135 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 11. P., E. Rockwood.	48189 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Ferguson.	48247 Howard, S. D.
48027 Nadeau, Mich. Nadeau Band. P., Hattie Houle.	48081 No. 3 Band. P., Miss McDermott.	48136 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 12. P., Sarah L. Dinsmore.	48190 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Bowin.	48248 Animal Friend Band.
48028 Kalamazoo, Mich. McKinley Band. Sec., Anna Siegrist.	48082 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Moran.	48137 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 13. P., Annie B. Nickerson.	48191 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Hennessy.	48249 Miss Hettie Harmon.
48029 Tyndall, S. D. First Inf. Dep't Band. P., Lydia H. Farrell.	48083 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Church.	48138 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 14. P., Alice M. McNeerney.	48192 No. 6 Band. P., Miss Beverley.	48250 Southwick, Mass.
48030 Grand Rapids, Mich. Jefferson St. School. No. 1 Band. P., Arthur F. Benson.	48084 No. 6 Band. P., Miss White.	48139 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 15. P., Carolyn A. Whittier.	48193 No. 7 Band. P., Miss Vanderweyden.	48251 Thoughtful Band.
48031 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Mathews.	48085 No. 8 Band. P., Miss Moran.	48140 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 16. P., Annie Sanborn.	48194 No. 8 Band. P., Miss Kimball.	48252 Edgerton, Ohio.
48032 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Madden.	48086 No. 9 Band. P., Miss Church.	48141 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 17. P., Mary H. Earlebrook.	48195 No. 9 Band. P., Miss Hunt.	48253 Edgerton Band.
48033 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Thomas.	48087 No. 10 Band. P., Miss Side.	48142 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 18. P., E. Carpenter.	48196 No. 10 Band. P., Miss Fletcher.	48254 Howard, S. D.
48034 No. 5 Band. P., Miss Wilson.	48088 No. 11 Band. P., Miss Champlin.	48143 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 19. P., Miss Ridgely.	48197 No. 11 Band. P., Miss Bowin.	48255 Pilgrim Cong. Ch. Band.
48035 No. 6 Band. P., Miss Smith.	48089 Fall River, Mass. Christian Endeav'r's Band. P., John Singleton.	48144 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 20. P., Miss Finney.	48198 No. 12 Band. P., Miss Bowin.	48256 Mabelle E. Clark.
48036 No. 7 Band. P., Miss Bevier.	48090 Los Angeles, Cal. Sand St. School Band. P., Gertrude Rios.	48145 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 21. P., Alice F. Holmes.	48199 No. 13 Band. P., Miss Bowin.	48257 Avery School Band.
48037 No. 8 Band. P., Miss Fuller.	48091 Union, Neb. McKinley Band. P., Rufus Keyser.	48146 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 22. P., Amy G. Deane.	48200 No. 14 Band. P., Miss Bowin.	48258 Avery School Band.
48038 No. 9 Band. P., Miss Rouse.	48092 Hoquiam, Wash. Hoquiam Band. P., Myrtle Norvill.	48147 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 23. P., Annie Sanborn.	48201 No. 15 Band. P., Miss Bettes.	48259 Avery School Band.
48039 No. 10 Band. P., Miss McDermott.	48093 Los Angeles, Cal. Sand St. Sch. Bd., Room 1. P., Vance Rives.	48148 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 24. P., Mary H. Earlebrook.	48202 No. 16 Band. P., Miss Hardcastle.	48260 Avery School Band.
48040 No. 11 Band. P., Miss Rawlinson.	48094 Macon, Ga. South Macon Band. P., Neel A. Bridges.	48149 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 25. P., Louise J. Cowgan.	48203 No. 17 Band. P., Miss Riggs.	48261 Avery School Band.
48041 No. 12 Band. P., Miss Strand.	48095 Attleboro, Mass. Farmers Sch. Bd., Div. 1. P., Isabel T. Kingston.	48150 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 26. P., Lillian E. Wetherbee.	48204 No. 18 Band. P., Miss Vernon.	48262 Avery School Band.
48042 No. 13 Band. P., Miss Spaulding.	48096 Farmers Sch. Bd., Div. 2. P., M. E. Hatten.	48151 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 27. P., Retta R. Barrett.	48205 No. 19 Band. P., Miss Wyckoff.	48263 Avery School Band.
48043 No. 14 Band. P., Margaret Strahan.	48097 Capron Sch. Band, Div. 1. P., Mabel E. Wetherbee.	48152 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 28. P., Mrs. Nellie M. Perry.	48206 No. 20 Band. P., Miss Greene.	48264 Avery School Band.
48044 No. 2 Band. P., Miss McDermott.	48098 Capron Sch. Band, Div. 2. P., Mrs. Nellie M. Perry.	48153 J. D. Peirce Band, Div. 29. P., Mrs. Florence A. Everett.	48207 No. 21 Band. P., Miss Gunther.	48265 Avery School Band.

BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS.

Ben Hazzard's Guests, like "Auld Lang Syne" and "Old Hundred," and others similar, may live through the centuries. It ought to be read in or to every "Band of Mercy" once a year:

Ben Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold,
Ben Hazzard, half blind, was black and old,
And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.
Sometimes he sighed for a larger store
Wherewith to bless the wandering poor;
For he was not wise in worldly lore,
The poor were Christ's; he knew no more.
"Twas very little that Ben could do,
But he pegged his prayers in many a shoe,
And only himself and the dear Lord knew.
Meanwhile he must cobble with all his might
Till, the Lord knew when—it would all be right.
For he walked by faith, and not by sight.
One night a cry from the window came—
Ben Hazzard was sleepy, and tired, and lame—
"Ben Hazzard, open," it seemed to say,
"Give shelter and food, I humbly pray."
Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head
To listen. "Tis awful cold," he said,
And his old bones shook in his ragged bed,
"But the wanderer must be comforted."
Out from his straw he painfully crept,
And over the frosty floor he stept,
While under the door the snow wreaths swept.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he cried,
As he opened the door, and held it wide.
A milk-white kitten was all he spied,
Trembling and crying there at his feet,
Ready to die in the bitter sleet.
Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;
The candles were out in all the town;
The stout house-doors were carefully shut,
Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut.
"I thought that somebody called," he said;
"Some dream or other got into my head;
Come, then, poor pussy, and share my bed."
But first he sought for a rusty cup,
And gave his guest a generous sup.
Then out from the storm, the wind and the sleet,
Puss joyfully lay at old Ben's feet;
Truly, it was a terrible storm,
Ben feared he should never more be warm.
But just as he began to be dozy,
And puss was purring soft and cozy,
A voice called faintly before his door:
"Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help I implore!
Give drink, and a crust from out your store."
Ben Hazzard opened his sleepy eyes,
And his full-moon face showed great surprise.
Out from his bed he stumbled again,
Teeth chattering with neuralgic pain,
Caught at the door in the frozen rain.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
"With such as I have thou shalt be fed."
Only a little black dog he saw,
Whining and shaking a broken paw.
"Well, well," cried Ben Hazzard, "I must have
dreamed;"
But verily like a voice it seemed.
"Poor creature," he added, with husky tone,
His feet so cold they seemed like stone,
"Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow-
bone."
He went to the cupboard, and took from the shelf
The bone he had saved for his very self.
Then, after binding the broken paw,
Half dead with cold went back to his straw.
Under the ancient blue bedquilt he crept,
His conscience was white, and again he slept.
But again a voice called, both loud and clear:
"Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake come
here!"
Once more he stood at the open door,



And looked abroad, as he looked before.
This time, full sure, 'twas a voice he heard;
But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird,
With weary pinion and beaten crest,
And a red blood stain on its snowy breast.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
Tenderly raising the drooping head,
And, tearing his tattered robe apart,
Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.

The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch,
As an angel lifted the wooden latch.
Ben woke in a flood of golden light,
And knew the voice that had called all night,
And steadfastly gazing, without a word,
Beheld the messenger from the Lord.
He said to Ben with a wondrous smile,
The three guests sleeping all the while,
"Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor,
The humblest creatures that sought thy door,
For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted."
"Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said,
With a rueful shake of his old gray head.
"Who giveth all of his scanty store
In Christ's dear name, can do no more.
Behold the Master, who waiteth for thee,
Saith: 'Giving to them, thou hast given to me.'"
Then, with heaven's light on his face, "Amen!"
I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben.
"Frozen to death," the watchman said,
When at last he found him in his bed,
With a smile on his face so strange and bright;
He wondered what old Ben saw that night.
Ben's lips were silent, and never told
He had gone up higher to find his gold.

ANNA P. MARSHALL, in *Congregationalist*.

HOW MONSIGNOR D. W. MURPHY HELPED THE ANIMALS.

Some years ago we were invited to address a union meeting of "all" the churches of Dover, New Hampshire, on Sunday afternoon, in the City Hall, which would seat about 1500. On reaching Dover, Saturday evening, we were told that Father Murphy (Roman Catholic), who had by far the largest church and Sunday-school in the city, had not been invited to join, as it was thought that it would be of no use to invite him. We thought differently, and on Sunday morning, immediately after breakfast, made him a call. In less than five minutes he said, "I will give you the whole time of my Sunday-school." He was there to listen, and the school was so large that we had to speak twice.

When we reached the City Hall in the afternoon to give our address, we found all the Protestant clergy

on the platform, but the about 1500 audience seats were largely filled with Catholics, including about five hundred parochial children whom Father Murphy had caused to be placed in the front seats. The result was that about 1500 Protestants who came later could not get in, and even the President of The New Hampshire Society was told that it would be impossible.

We are glad to see in our morning paper of Nov. 29th that Father Murphy has been made by the Pope a Monsignor, being the same office held by the Rev. Father Patrick Strain, of Lynn, at whose request we addressed and helped form the first Catholic "Band of Mercy," in the parochial schools of Lynn. Whether the kind interest of these two clerical gentlemen in the protection of dumb animals had any influence in their appointment as Monsignors, of course we cannot say, but many such bright pictures not unfrequently come up in our thoughts, among which, *not the least*, is "How Dwight L. Moody Helped the Animals," at Baltimore, as told on pages 56 and 57 of our "Autobiographical Sketches." GEO. T. ANGELL.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Three little kittens, so downy and soft,
Were cuddled up by the fire,
And two little children were sleeping aloft,
As cosy as heart could desire;
Dreaming of something ever so nice,
Dolls and sugar-plums, rats and mice.

The night wore on, and the mistress said,
"I'm sleepy, I must confess,
And as kittens and babies are safe in bed,
I'll go to bed, too, I guess."
She went upstairs, just a story higher,
While the kittens slept by the kitchen fire.

"What noise can that be?" the mistress said.
"Meow! meow!" "I'm afraid
A poor little kitty-cat's fallen out of bed!
The nice little nest I made!"

"Meow! meow!" "Dear me! dear me!
I wonder what can the matter be?"

The mistress paused on an upper stair,
For what did she see below?
But three little kittens with frightened air,
Standing up in a row!
With six little paws on the step above,
And no mother cat to caress or love!

Through the kitchen door came a cloud of smoke!

The mistress, in great alarm,
To a sense of danger straightway awoke;
Her babies might come to harm.
On the kitchen hearth, to her great amaze,
Was a basket of shavings beginning to blaze.

The three little kittens were hugged and kissed,
And promised many a mouse;
While their names were put upon honor's list,
For hadn't they saved a house?
And two little children were gathered tight
To a mother's heart ere she slept that night.

Home and School Visitor.

Receipts of the M. S. P. C. A. for November, 1901.

Fines and witness fees, \$81.92.

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Total, \$190.

The American Humane Education Society, \$263.

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All others, \$125.34.

Total, \$500.69.

Sales of publications, \$180.43.

Total, \$1,216.04.

Receipts of the American Humane Education Society for November.

H. Fisher, \$100; A friend, \$100; A N. Y. friend, \$100; Mrs. J. A. Woodward, \$6; H. R. Smith, \$5; Oliver Smith, \$5; Fletcher Place Junior League Band of Mercy, Indianapolis, \$3; Miss Hannah Durrant, \$2; Small sales of publications, \$38.90.

OPINIONS OF NOTED PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

Dr. Edward Berdoe, M. R. C. S., in the London *Globe* of August 3, 1892: "I have been trying for many years to find out what the blessings are which vivisection has conferred on the race, but I have not succeeded."

John Fletcher, M. D., of Edinburgh Medical School, in Introductory Lecture (London), pages 11, 12: "During many years' experience in lecturing (on physiology) . . . I have never yet found it necessary in a single instance to expose a suffering animal for the purpose of elucidating any point in physiology." —*Sabbath Herald*.

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Whole number of cases investigated by our office agents in November, 2507; horses taken from work 76; horses and other animals killed, 109.

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